

# BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

MAN'S MOST ATTRACTIVE AGE.

**A**T WHAT age is man most attractive to women? Is it the impulsive youth with his enthusiasm and buoyancy, or is it the would-be sage of thirty years or more, or is it the blase man of the world who most attracts and holds the elusive fancy of woman?

If you are a maiden of very tender years, you will loudly acclaim the unsophisticated youngster as the prize of the matrimonial market. His impetuosity and scorn of convention, his gay spirits and air of good fellowship make him the ideal lover of the immature girl, but to the maiden who has successfully passed her first love affair his very inexperience is the thing she most dislikes.

The man who has reached the thirty or thirty-five year milestone in life's pathway is generally a great favorite with the gentler sex. To the enthusiasm of youth he has added seriousness and common sense, and his experience in the ways of the world have made him sympathetic, indulgent and reliable. If you are looking for a golden-age security in the matrimonial market, the man who is in the thirties is a pretty sure investment.

The thirties of the older man seem to be very strong, for many maidens succumb to his charms. His advantage over younger men is great, for his knowledge of feminine whims and his vast and varied experience make him master of any situation. The woman proposition is to him an easily solved problem, and he usually has little trouble in winning a woman's heart. But, after all, it depends upon the girl. Every maiden has her own idea, and no matter how fascinating or attractive, how young or old a man may be, he has little charm with the girl who has already found her real affinity.

## A Youthful Suitor.

Dear Betty:

AM nineteen, and am keeping company with a young lady one year my senior. She does not know my age and has said she would never marry any man younger than herself. Shall I tell her my age and take the consequences, or would you advise me to keep it secret? Do you think it is proper for a lady to marry a man one year her junior?

Tell the girl your age and I think you will find that one year will make no difference in her affections for you. The difference in your ages is not sufficient to prevent marriage, though at present you are too young to marry.

## A Choice of Suitors.

Dear Betty:

AM seventeen and know two very nice young boys who call on me often. They quarrelled over me one night. One I do not like. I don't want both of them to call any more, and don't know whom to ask to stop calling. The one you do not like is the one to drop.

## Must Choose Between Them.

Dear Betty:

AM eighteen years old and have kept steady company with a young man for about one year. We loved each other, but we had a quarrel a few months ago and separated. Since then I have been going with another young fellow, but the other night my first love met me and asked my pardon.

for his part of the quarrel, and he wants me to make up with him. The other fellow thinks a great deal of me. I find I love the first one best but don't like to tell the other fellow. I know it would break his heart. How can I renew my friendship with my first love, without causing trouble with the other fellow?

You must choose between them, as there is no way of keeping both.

## How to Win.

Dear Betty:

AM twenty and am in love with a young lady of eighteen. At times she treats me very coolly. She has a great many gentlemen friends. How can I win her love? H. B.

You will have to take a chance with the young lady's other admirers. Pay her every attention, be sincere, and in time she may favor your suit.

## How to Meet Him.

Dear Betty:

AM in love with a young man one year my senior. I know he cares for me, for I overheard him say I was the only girl he cared for. I was never introduced to him, and so never spoke to him. I overheard him say that he would like to have an introduction to me, but did not know how to obtain one, as he knew none of my friends. Shall I seek an introduction through a friend of his who is also a friend of mine? I am anxious to know him. H. H.

Tell your mutual friend that you would like to know the young man. However, do not seem too eager.

# Comedienne Believes There Is a Field for a New and Legitimate Type.

By Charles Darnton.

"O. H. what a big man! I had no idea that is, I had never supposed you see, I didn't think—well! well!"

That's what I got for going into Miss Lulu Glaser's dressing-room at the Liberty Theatre. Moral: "Big."



men should not go into small dressing-rooms.

"Really!" exclaimed the blue-and-white bundle of buoyancy, with the Lola plait and the old Dolly Varden eyes which were scanning the heights. "Really—But do sit down!"

I did so gladly and promptly, for I had begun to feel like the gentleman who stands next to the midjet in the circus.

"And so you've come to interview me?" she bounded on. "I haven't been interviewed for six years."

"Ha!" laughed Miss Glaser. "But I wasn't lucky with my interviews. I was misrepresented—yes, misquoted—until I decided to give it up as a bad job. Some one who knew me would say, 'I saw an interview with you in last Sunday's So-and-So, but it didn't sound a bit like you.' And the friend was always right. I suppose the interviewers remembered as much as they could and made up the rest. Perhaps they thought it didn't matter what I talked about. What are we going to talk about?"

"Suppose you talk about the dialect part for a woman," I suggested. You evidently believe there is a field for women, as well as for men, in dialect work."

"Why is it, do you imagine, that men have been more successful than women in dialect parts?" I inquired.

"I don't know," said Miss Glaser, blinking reflectively, "unless it is that men are more forceful in getting their work over the footlights."

"It isn't because of man's more highly developed sense of humor, which he so modestly admits?"

"Ha! ha! ha!"—again that bubbling laugh. "What about the higher education of woman? We're hearing a little about that these days. Perhaps she's being educated to a higher sense of humor—who knows? But there's no denying that man is more forceful, and that may explain the greater success of comedians in dialect parts. The same is true in other lines of work. Look at the great writers; they're all men—or nearly all. There's George Eliot, of course, but then she was 'manned,' and for that reason successful. But to come back to acting and dialect parts, I am simply trying to make Lola a frank, natural, lovable German girl, a girl with a sweet, simple nature, and perhaps just a little sense of humor. I like her, and I feel that I know her."

"You evidently know your German," I remarked.

"Yes," she said, "and a little French. I got one from my father, the other from my mother."

"And you get your laugh from—"

## Laugh Like Mother Makes

"From my mother," interrupted Miss Glaser, quick to give credit where credit was due. "My laugh is exactly like my mother's. It wasn't manufactured for stage purposes—I was born with it. It doesn't seem funny to me; it just seems natural. And that's the way a part seems if I happen to like it—and I do like Lola. I like her next best to dear old Dolly. I never grew tired of Dolly Varden. She was a rollicking, good-natured girl, after my own heart, and I always felt grateful to her. You hear a great deal about the public and the critics growing tired of an actor in the same kind of part, but I wonder whether the public and the critics ever stop to think of the actor getting tired, too. He gets both sick and tired of it at times. Yet he must go on and on in the same sort of thing because the public won't have him in anything else. If an actor who has made his reputation as a comedian should attempt to play a serious part he would be taken as a joke. I should like to see a few of our serious actors try to be comedians—I'm sure they would be funny—ha! But Richard Mansfield was the only one of our actors who could play comedy one night and tragedy the next without getting the laugh in the wrong place."

## Pointed Paragraphs.

FINISHING is the hardest part of a lazy man's job.

Most married men do as they please—in their minds.

It's difficult to generate philosophy on an empty stomach.

If a girl is happy it's a sign that her clothes are satisfactory.

A girl never likes to be kissed unless she says she doesn't.

Forbearance is one of the virtues our enemies do not possess.

A woman's idea of extravagance is to spend money for sensible things.

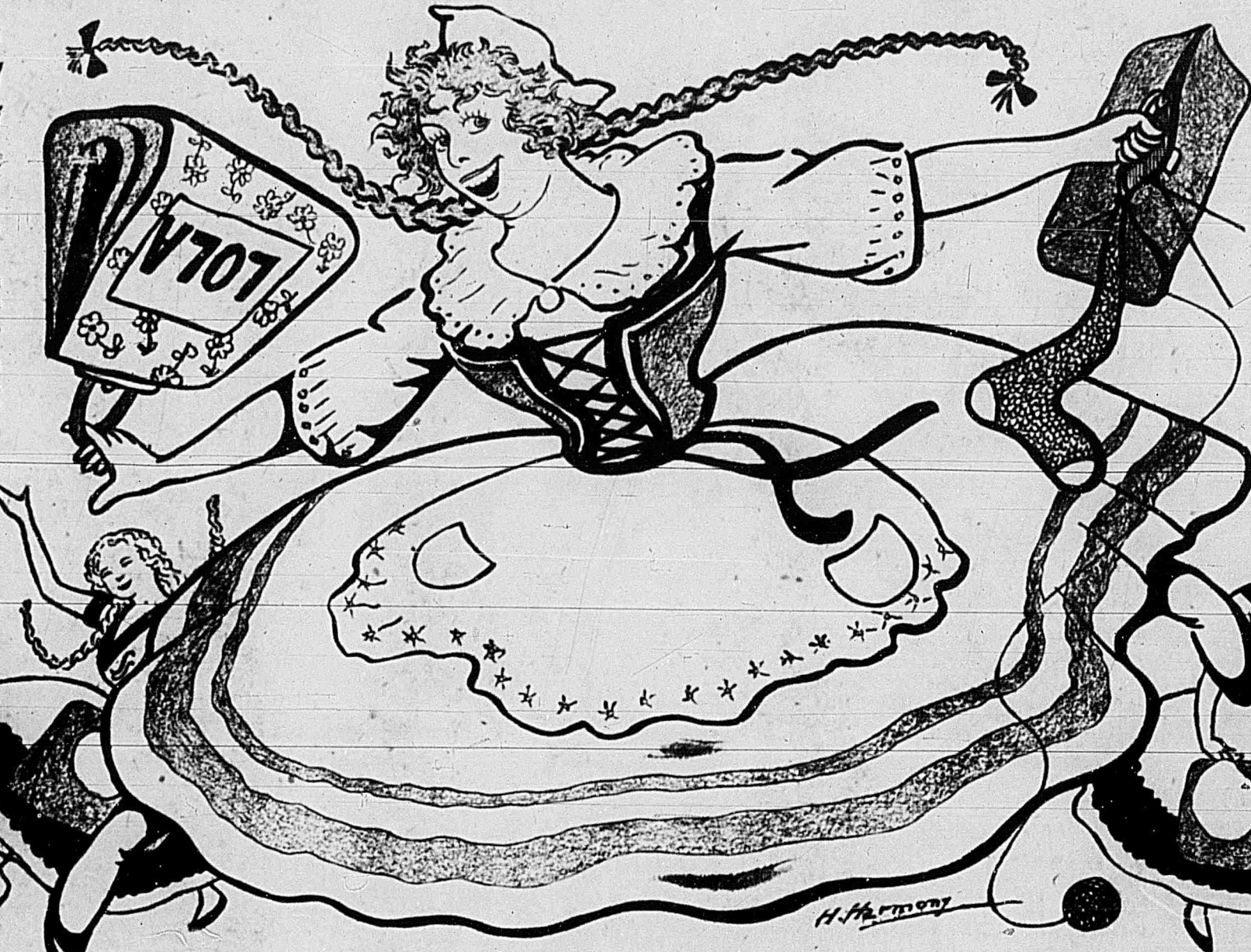
Some girls are like some dolls. They cry "mamma" every time they are squeezed.

Love is the only cable that will keep a couple on the sea of matrimony from drifting apart.

It's a fortunate thing that babies can't say what they think of the baby talk women hand them.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the light bills rendered by an illuminating company are usually heavy.

Girls begin to sit up and take notice of young men about the same time they begin to see something of interest in a mirror.—Chicago News.

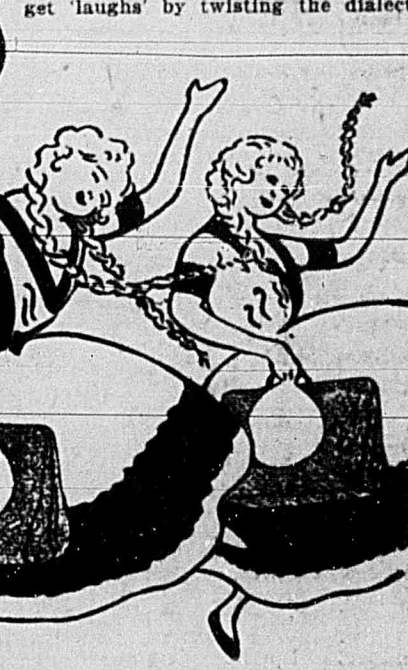


# Says David Warfield Was the First to Lead the Real German to Footlights.

Like serious work, but I'm not going to be foolish enough to try it. I'm giving all my serious thought, just at present, to Lola's dialect."

"It is not an easy thing to carry a dialect through a three-act play?"

"It certainly isn't," replied Miss Glaser. "I have to watch myself very closely to keep from dropping it here and there. One must remember it in the brain, as well as in the dialogue, and this isn't always an easy thing to do. The temptation to get laughs by twisting the dialect



## Why Mansfield Succeeded.

"His forceful personality," answered Miss Glaser with emphasis. "He made people accept him in whatever he chose to give them. Such a course would be fatal to most actors, but they perhaps could not be blamed for their failure. The blame more likely would rest with the public, which always has its actors picked out for either serious or comedy work. If it wants tragedy, it goes to see Mr. Sothern; if it wants comedy, it goes to see—well, the comedian it happens to like best at that particular moment. Everything is laid out for the serious or comic actor. The public tells him what to do. That's the most serious part of it all."

"You are not taking, with Lola, the first step in a serious direction?"

"No," she answered. "I'm satisfied to leave well enough alone. I may

## What's Your Luck?

By Ali Baba Boo.

**S**ATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1907.

**D**REAMERS or lunatics, given at home this day have every anxiety for success.

Luck shines in the sign of the fishes. Almost anything connected in any way with the products of the water will turn out well this day.

For ordinary business the best aspect is for selling. An excellent day for consulting surgeons or for operations. All chances are for happy results.

Stenographers and office assistants must exercise great care to avoid errors this day. There is danger of misunderstanding.

Those whose birthdays this is should be prepared early this coming year for having things go contrary. After the fourth month matters will mend, but they will be in danger of misunderstanding.

The boy born to-day will meet with many chances of advancement, but will throw them away unless care is taken to break him of an unruly temper and an ungovernable spirit. The girl born today will marry early. Her husband will be older than she and her life will be exceptionally happy.

# Health and Beauty.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

## Evils of Tight Lacing.

**C**LAIRE C. C.—It is more than probable that the pale-colored, loose-fingered, swollen fingers and the large abdomen, are all due to the same thing, tight lacing. To lace your corsets too tightly at any age is a very serious business, but especially at fifteen will cause you endless trouble and suffering. In the days when small waists used to be the fashion, I have seen girls whose hands and feet were literally swollen to half again their normal size from tight corsets. But swollen extremities were only the least of the evils from this foolish vanity. Wear your corsets comfortably tight and I venture to say that the swollen fingers will remain their size and the pale fingers will remain their color. What you call a "high stomach" is probably due to your having pulled your corsets too tight at the waist, thus pushing the flesh below the waist line and ruining the lines of your figure.

## Scars Left by Electric Needle.

**E**. C.—These scars are very hard to remove, but it is possible that facial massage, either by hand or by electricity, may do it. Otherwise the electric would have to be removed by what is known as the "cutting" process. I do not believe the tissue-building

cream would help you. The electric needle should never be manipulated by any but experienced and practiced persons.

## Pimples at Fifteen.

**A**. W.—Boys of fifteen nearly always have pimples. If you live a healthy, out-of-door life they are sure to disappear in time. Drink a great deal of water, eight glasses a day, take plenty of exercise and don't smoke cigarettes, which are the worst enemies to the complexion. Here is a formula which will heal the pimples, but it will not prevent other pimples from coming. This you will have to do yourself by careful living and eating.

## Settled!

**D**URING a high-browed discussion at the Players' Club a friend asked Raymond Hitchcock to define the difference between a tragedian and a comedian, says Harper's Weekly. To which the "Yankee Tourist" star replied: "Well, I have to talk about myself, but I have come to believe that a comedian is simply an actor with blond hair, while a tragedian is a brunette who thinks he is an actor."

"How about the brunettes comedians and the blond tragedians?"

"They're nature-fakes!"

## The Picture Sum.

Answer to the Picture Sum printed in yesterday's Evening World.

Patch, plus ur, minus churn, plus risk, equals Patrick.

Hen, plus cur, minus comb, minus cur, minus comb, equals Henry.

## Cheer Up and Be Gay!

**T**HE person's small boy had been desperately trying to run away from his new nurse. At last he spied a park guard.

"Mister, are you a policeman?"

The giant in brass buttons bent lower.

"Why, yes, sonny, I be."

"Then please arrest this woman. She won't stop follerin' me around!"

"Are your neighbors obliging?"

"I should say so. They always let me use our telephone whenever I want to."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Kidly Old Gent (to the newsboy with big bundle)—Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?

Little Boy—No. I don't read 'em, sur.—Punch.

Jack—This was a case of love at first sight with me.

Tom—Then why didn't you marry her?

Jack—Oh, I saw her again on several occasions.—Chicago Daily News.

"What a very thin voice that girl has."

"Thin. Why, it's so thin she ought to sing all her music in a skeeter key."—Baltimore American.

Now, Patsy, if it should come to a real issue which would you rather lose your money or your life?

"Ma lafe, begorra. O'm savin' me money for meould age!"—Bohemian.

# Princess Arethusa, in Disguise, Risks Her Life for the Sake of the Man She Loves

## Arethusa

A Princess in Slavery.

By F. Marion Crawford

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## CHAPTER XVII.

(Continued.)

## A Daring Plan.

**G**ORIAS left her to make his own preparations. When he was gone Zoe sent Vito for Zeno's own man, Vito, the Venetian coachman, who came and stood on the

threshold while she spoke to him, out of the maid's hearing, and in Italian, lest they should hear and listen.

"Vito," said Zoe, "you are never frightened, are you?"

"If I Vito grinned. "Am I of iron, or of stone? Or am I perhaps a lion? When there is fear I am afraid."

"But really you would not run away and leave Messer Carlo to be killed, would you?"

"No," Vito answered quite simply. "That would be another affair. It would be shame to go home alive if the master were killed. When one must die, one must, as God wills. I may be for the master, it may be for Venice. But for myself, I ask you, Why should I die for nothing? I run away. It is more sensible."

"You need not risk being killed if you do what I am going to ask," Zoe said. "What is it, excellency?"

"I will not ask me that Vito," answered Zoe. "I want you to row me at sunset to the landing which is nearest to the palace gate. It must be the dirty little one on this side of the Amena tower. Is it not?"

"What is it, but without the master's orders?"

Vito looked at her doubtfully, for he had been reminded that she considered herself a slave, and it occurred to him that she meant to escape in Zeno's absence.

Messer Carlo would wish me to go, if he were here," said Zoe, quietly, and not at all as if she were inducing for she saw what was the matter.

"I have no doubt it is as you say," Vito answered. "But I have no orders. And I shall have to be careful to carry on my head to the wife of the jailer."

"I see," said Vito, who really loved adventure for his own sake and was much less inclined to run away from danger than he represented. "Did you say you wished to go at sunset?"

"Yes."

"I shall be ready. But it will be better to take an old boat, and I will put on ragged clothes, to look like a hired boatman."

"Yes; that will be better."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A Woman's Wit.

**T**HE sun had set, and the wide court of Blachernae was filled with purple light to the wall tops, like a wine-vat full to the brim; and everything that was in the glow took color from it, as silver does in clear, the polished trappings of the guards' uniforms, the creamy marble steps of the Palace, the white Turkish charge of the officer who rode in just then, and the swallows that circled round the courtyard.

The officer rode in on his charger, and after him entered a girl slave, dressed in coarse blue cotton, and carrying on her head a small round basket, which was covered with a clean white cloth. The four corners of the napkin hung down, and one of them would have flapped across her face if she had not held it between her teeth to keep it down. It partly hid her features, and her head was tied up in a

blue cotton kerchief passed twice around and knotted upon her forehead. She limped a little as she walked. Zoe did not see her face, but she was pale and quiet, and had a rather fixed look.

She was walking boldly through the gate, without slackening her pace, when one of the sentinels stopped her, and asked where she was going. She stood still, and one hand steadied the basket on her head, while the other pointed to the Amena tower.

## Passing the Guard.

The second sentinel, returning on his short beat, now came up and stood on her other side. He was a big Bulgarian, and he lifted one corner of the cloth and looked down into the basket, mere of the sake of detaining the girl.

He saw the wheaten loaves and the cream cheese neatly disposed on a second tray.

The soldier at once thought of tasting it with the points of his daggers, but at that moment the officer of the watch stroled out of the guard-house, a magnificent young man in scarlet and gold. The two sentinels at once turned their backs on the cheese and Zoe, and marched away in opposite directions on their beats, leaving her standing in the middle. The officer was far too high

and mighty a person to look at a slave-girl or her basket, and Zoe therefore went on without turning her head, taking it for granted that she was now free to enter.

She went from under the great gate into the liquid purple light in the court, and it was pleasant to be in it. But the girl was not alone. She was followed by a man in a dark suit, and she did not deceive herself. They would put out her eyes first; but that was the least of the cruel things they would do to her. If Gorias failed, she was only a weak girl, after all, and once or twice when she thought of the pain, a sharp little shiver ran down her back to her very heels, and things swam before her for an instant in the deep sea of color, but that only lasted for a moment, and when she reached the foot of the tower and went in under the archway that led to the door, she was thinking of Zeno again, and of nothing else.

## Another Barrier.

They looked over her head as she approached them, and they seemed to take no notice of her existence.

"If you please, kind excellency," she said, "my mistress has given me some wine bread and fresh cream cheese, and she has asked me to bring it to you. I have no money to pay for it, but she has put it out so easily."

"If you please," she repeated with pleading emphasis and more piously, "my mistress has given me some wine bread and fresh cream cheese, and she has asked me to bring it to you. I have no money to pay for it, but she has put it out so easily."

the sentence, suddenly scared by the immobility of the two black men, and by their size, and by the purple glare that was shining from their great polished scimitars, of which one noiseless sweep could sever her head from her body.

However, she soon took courage again and began to speak a third time.

"If you please," she said, but she got no further, for she had gently plucked at the halled sleeve of the man on her right, to attract his attention, and he moved at once and bent down a little.

## The Deaf Mutes.

Johnnes was guarded by deaf mutes, and Zoe knew Constantinople and the ways of the palace well enough to understand that they were placed there to make an end of any one, man or woman, who should attempt to pass.

She tried to speak, but she found her basket from her head and set it down on the step between the sentinels, and crouched on her heels to uncover it and show the contents. The men saw and nodded, and then inclined their heads to one side in that peculiar way which means indifference by over the East.

She covered up her little basket discreetly and rose to her feet. The glow was beginning to fade in the courtyard, and she felt her heart sink as the shadows deepened.

The closed door between the sentinels was covered with iron and studded with big nails. It was perfectly clear that it must be opened from within, if that in a low voice.

## The Door Opens.

All those thoughts flashed across her mind in a few seconds, while she was crouching her basket. She therefore took rather more time over this than was necessary, and she was almost choked for ever by her own thoughts.

For a moment she was almost choked for ever by her own thoughts.

At this point, as Zoe's inexpressible amazement and delight, reason of her own, and she almost choked for ever by her own thoughts.

For a moment she was almost choked for ever by her own thoughts.